'Twas a struggle just to ilvs; And they scarce had even hopeful words Or the rful smiles to give. A good, kind man was the father, He loved his girls and loys. But he whose hands are his nithes Has little for gifts and toys.

So when it drew near the season

For the thought, "I shall get no preser When Christians comes, I am sure;" Ah! the poor man's child learns early Just what it means to be poor.

Yet still on the boly even, As she sat by the hearthstone bright And her sister told good stories, Her heart grew almost light—

For the hopeful skies of childhood Are never quite o'ercust, And she said, "Who knows but somehow

So before she went to her pillow Her pretty stockings were tled Safely together and city hang Close to the chimney-side.

There was little room for hoping.
One would say who had lived more years
Yet the faith of the child is wher

And she had thought of this Christman An the little it could oring. Ever since the crops were half destroyed. By the freshet in the spring. So the awestest muts of the autumn

She had safely hidden away, And the ripest and reldest apples Hoarded for many a day. And at lost she mixed some seed-cake, (Jenny was sleeping them), And molded them grotesquely, Like birds, and beasts, and men.

Then she slipped them into the stockings, And smiled to think about The Joyful wonder of her pet When she found and paired them out

And you couldn't have seen next morning A gladder child in the land Than that humble farmer's describer, With her simple gifts in her hand.

And the loving sister? Ah, you know How blessed 'tie to give; And they that think of others must

Are the happiest falks that its She had done what she could, my children, To brighten the Christmas day, And whether her heart or Jenny's Waslightest, 'tish rd to say.

'Tis years and years since that sister Went to dwell with the Just;

And over her hody the rosest Blossom and turn to dust. And Jenny's a happy woman With wealth enough and to

And every year her lap is filled With presents rich and rare.

MISS CHILLINGWORTH'S

tover in the silence of my own mind and my from my motionless figure.

plainly as I see at this moment the words at the glimpse of tender sky that had no written by the pen in my hand. I pity for me-none. God, like Roger, could tell you every item of dress she had forgotten me. but she was beautiful for all that, beau-tiful as some old, dim picture with a story and flung it away; the screams and in it. There she stood, with her face curses lifted up againt me; the slow, cold and neck gleaming dull-white, like old vioces of the wise old men who were marble, above the gray gown, and one giving me to death for an old wife's tale; lock of her black hair twisted round her and the dark walls of the jail-the damp. throat, like a soft necklace, and her lit-tle, damp, cold hand lying on mine, and her lips moved yet, as if she were saying went, and asked no mercy at their over agan :

" Let me have it." "Who are you?" I cried, trembling that had a pitying look for me, though and hardly breathing. "What do you it was only a young lad's--young Mar-

other woman can wear my ring. Look! don't you see the blood on it?" Aunt Lucinda's ring! There was no stain on it when she took it out of the

old casket; but I saw it now in the moonlight-a dish of ugly red among the crusted carvings. I tore it off of my finger, and flung it away as if it were a coal of fire. "Who are you?" I cried once more

And the answer came softly and slow, like a sigh :
" Esther Cullingworth."

I started up at her breathlessly.
"Look at me," she murmured. "This is the face that Roger Vane loved nigh and rain. that were his ring—that sent it back to him from Salem jail when he cared no if I could but save you—you so innotwo hundred years ago; this is the hand with kloses. They said I was very fair to see in those days. Look at me. Am I comely now?'

She swept back her long hair from her face, but without displacing the lock that curled like a snake around her throat; and then as I looked at her, she

broke into a low, wailing cry:
"I bad the fairest face in Salem—old
Chillingworth's daughter? 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.' The parson used to tell me it was but a vain show, and I laughed him to scorn. For in the woods beyond Salem, when I was picking May flowers, and rustling aside the downy leaves to find their pink and white clustered stars, I met Roger Vane, and he told me a sweeter tale than the preacher knew. And I let him kiss my mouth, for he called it 'most sweetyea, altogether lovely'—sweeter than the breath of May flowers. O, the Salem woods! O, my love, Roger, "I will, Esther.'

No tears, my little Mayflower," Roger Vane said sottly, as he held me there within his strong arms." 'I have never seen the drops in those sweet eyes of thine before, and I would not have my last sight of them so marred. It is only for a little space, sweetheart. I his token—no more than that, Martin, shall some back to steal away my little. Go for the pity of God! Hurry and shall come back to steal away my little Go for the pity of God! Hurry, and Puritan maiden before the first leaves of take no rest till you find him, or it will

autumn has turned red by her father's be too late-too late for me " "Why-why will you go, Reger?' I cried, as I clung round him; and I asked a tremble in it;

and now recalled him, on business of the Roger Vane and put your ring in his commonwealth, and how he must obey; hand, God helping me. leaving me only for a little while—'a very little while,' I made him whisper over and over, with my arms about his neck. And then he pulled from his finand the little bright pearls, and slipped it over mine.

dusty road, and the ragged white thistle for the first change along the dark bor- grating, ders of the woods-for the red leaves, and for Roger; but one morning I woke up saw the white frost glittering on some blackened, drooping vines around my window, and a broad splash of scaret, like blood, dashed across the maple trees, and no lover came riding down the road, or straying through the Salem wood to find me.

"Never, never more! I had the last kiss on my lips forever, for none touched them after Roger Vane. The leaves turned crimson, and golden, and russet-brown, and withered and dropped from the bare trees; the dark November days eyes. glowed over the land, and my lover never came. No word had I from him-no sign; I knew not if he were among the coming home in the early winter from a week's journey to Boston, told me, as he at in the elbow-chair by our hearth, that he had seen gay young Roger Vane.

"So I knew that Roger Vane was livscorn. The litterness of hell crept into my soul, and taught me hatred of all mankind. I shrank away from the sight of human faces, and in gloom and solitude ate my own heart away with brooding upon its despair. O my vain beauty cruel dower that brought my fall! Two soft months of early summer, gainst the long, dreary winter's coldthe warmth of kisses in green, glancing wood, and the icy walls of Salem jail the crowd on Witch's Hill, the strangling rope, the darkness of the deathstruggle, and the trackless abysses of eternity—these things my fair face brought me-nee, old Chillingworth's proud daughter?"

"I had no fear of God or man," murdefied both in my heart and on my lips." me, Esther Chillingworth, nineteen years form that crept close into a lover's arms not allowed to pack hard .- Scientific old, in that wretched April—whom in the greenwood long ago Roger Vano had loved! There were She stood over me—tl heard me call him to my side as he stray-I can feel again, just as I did then, the dragged me from his house and cast me cold air strike my face, like a breath into Salem jail; they locked the heavy from a damp yault, blowing straight door, and drew the creaking boits fast. and left me crouched under the grated It was a woman, and I saw her just as window to stare up, in my blind anguish from my finger.

wore, even to the edging of lace on the ... Then came the crowded court-room, tight sleeve that reached her elbows, and day after day; the solumn, unflinching the little blue damask figure on her gray face of the gray old judge; the hot, stifgown. Her face was very pale and quiet, ling air, and the smeshine through the and there was no light in her eyes; they glaring row of windows, and the jeering, were heavy and dark, and the lids were cruel women, and merciless men, the reddened as if with crying and waking; writhing children, who in their lying fits

"There was one face in the crowd tin Brown's--whom I had counted a child only a year ago, but who had grown of late to look with a man's eyes "My ring-mine and Roger's. No at me. I saw the hot rage and the bit ter tears on his face as he stood with the crowd in the court room, and listened and could not speak to me; and one night—a wild, rainy night—he stole under the window of the jail, where I was pressing against the grated bars, and whispered my name.

"Esther, Esther! do you hear me?" he said softly. 'Esther, will you answer

"And I spoke, and the poor lad pour ed out a passion of grief, pity and be speaking, so that he hears clear anger with the muttering of the wind is going on in the noisy chamber.

cent! O, God! what can I do against all this eruel persecution? You are no witch, Esther! You are purer than any soul of them all, and I must stand by so helpless, and see you die for their wicked sport!

"'Marton,' I whispered to him, clinging to the bars, 'if you cannot save will von do for me what you can?" "'Die for you if I may, Esther?" he

cried with a boy's eagerness.
"And I reached up and pushed my had through the window bars, out to meet him. "'Will you carry a message for me to

one in Boston, Martin? I have none but you that I may trust to bear it, and my father knows not. Marton, will you find Roger Vane for me?"
"I listened and held my bread till

he answered. Then I heard him say

"Carry this to him," I said; and as I felt his warm young hand, wet with rain, printing of the canvas, and much money

I felt the boy's lips kiss my hand and his young clear voice came up again, with

"I lay by the grated window all the rest of the long, slow afterooon, all through the open twilight, and waited ger that ring, with its dark yellow stone for Martin. My blood was hot with fever, and there was madness it my brain. I almost believed as I crouched there. that all these tales were true, and that The summer crept on, and the hot days devils had crept into every pulse that shortened their fierce fires, and the Au- beat in my hot head, and whispered gust haze was in the sky; the golden rod in my ears as I cleuched my hand shook out its plumes all along the dry, over it. At last I heard my name called, in a voice that was human, and yet was down blew here and there. I watched kind-a pitiful voice sounding under my

Esther! Esther! "I sprang up and answered him, I pressed my face to the bars, and in the growing starlight I saw him standing there-Martin-all alone, I could not speak his name, and all other sounds

died in my dry, parched throat. I have done your errand, Esther!" " You have seen-you have seen Roger Vane!

'I have seen him." " And the ring" I gasped out. "He seemed to hang his head lower and lower, as if he feared to meet my

I put it into his hand, Esther, a you hade me. " And he said-what did he say living or the dead, until Gideon Giles, Are you dumb Martin Brown? I cried. stamping my fant wildly. 'Why can with wild ferns and grasses, because the not you answer me?"

Because—because I shall break your heart, the boy cried out, breaking into very often the warm, uniform tempera-tears. Esther, he will not come to you ture necessary for delicate plants, is fatears, 'Esther, he will not come to you —he is cruel and false, and deserves not ing, and had forgotten me. I could have —he is cruel and false, and deserves not borne his death, I could not bear his one sigh that you have spent for him?

place whirled round and round with me, and the roar of the great waters was in my ears and I fell on the stone floor, more delicate creeping vines. In first setheard the shouts and jeers and hootings of the rabble riving the tender spring air, and I saw, as one in a dream, the sea of faces upturned to me, and the mured on the voice again; and my sea of faces upturned to me, and the earth for their reception. If such vesmouth was full of bitter words, and I black gallows drawn against the sweet, sels be used the common eartherware blue, sunny sky, and I felt the hangman's pot must be set inside of them, with The land was still near with cries of hand touch me and turn cold the blood plenty of intermediate space between; witchcraft, and Parson Mather was at in my veits and I flung out my last his bloody work, in the name of God.

On the long, low hills beyond Salem, in the same of God, who sees it, while care should be taken that the higher edges of the outer pot do not would be without it. On the long, low lills beyond Salem last clung—to all women born of that stood the gibbets, where old Mrs. Nurse had suffered, and Goodwife Corey, and the old and frail, and the strong, young the old and frail, and the strong, young the old and frail, and the strong, young the old and frail and the strong, young the old and frail and the strong, young the old and frail and the strong young arguet that he of the old and frail and the strong young arguet that he of the old and frail and the strong young arguet that he of the old and frail and the strong young arguet that he of the old and frail and the strong young arguet that he of the old and frail and the strong young arguet that he of the old and frail and the strong young arguet that he of the old and frail and the strong young arguet that the old and frail and the strong young arguet the old and the strong young arguet the limbs had swung against the sky for pitiless mobs to jibe at. There were cruel
tongues in Salem that whisperred against
me, and brought me before the judges—
form that curse my soul
wavered and fluttered out—sprang tree,
and left, swinging between the black
carth and sky, on witch's hill, the fair
form that any soul
limbs had swung against the sky for pitless mobs to jibe at. There were cruel
wavered and fluttered out—sprang tree,
and left, swinging between the black
carth and sky, on witch's hill, the fair
me, Ether Chillipsworth ninebeau years
form that curse my soul
wavered and fluttered out—sprang tree,
and left, swinging between the black
carth and sky, on witch's hill, the fair
me, Ether Chillipsworth ninebeau years
form that any soul
limbs had swung against the sky for pit
we have found to be plenty for a goodhibition at their warerooms. The instrument is to be used in the Liszt concerts in Europe. It is constructed in
the string that the sky for pit
we have found to be plenty for a goodhibition at their warerooms. The instrument is to be used in the Liszt concerts in Europe. It is constructed in
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we have found to be plenty for a goodhibition at their warerooms. The instrument is to be used in the curse of the string that the sky for pit
we have found to be plenty for a goodhibition at their warerooms.

Roger Vane had loved! There were She stood over me—this chost of those who swore to bitter threats that I Esther Chillingworth—and tore the coil had made, and strange mutterings and of black hair from her neck, and in the wailings heard when I was alone, and faint, misty moonlight, I saw a dreadful prayers and cries that had another name circling mark around the fair, white in them than God's; and it was said that throat. My blood curdled with the but it is not always a safe one. I stole out in the forest to meet my foul | horror of it, and as I hid my eyes cowermaster and worthy Goodman Giles had ing away in the pitlows, she hung over heard me call him to my side as he strayed through the trees near me. And a
child whom I had pushed from my way
as I walked down Salem street, had falI heard no mere, nor saw my strange vissome finer branches on, so as to proceed.

The ard me with a long, meaning son, has the
even under the heaviest snows, is to cover with hemlock boughs. First put
some finer branches on, so as to prevent When I tell this story—my one soliary ghost story—or when I even think hair could not save me, nor my youth, can feel again, just as I did then, the story—my one from his home county. They tary ghost story or when I even think hair could not save me, nor my youth, alone, with nothing more ghastly than a q hands across my eyes. Esther Chillingworth's ring was gone

How Ben Hill Looks.

age, is a Georgian by birth, and a man their outs hashened, charged plant old style of corset? Dr. warner's scanna of fine personal presence, being above the the ground shantingly, or a weight put Cornet is approved by all physicians. Price by mail \$1.75. Warner Bros., 763 Broadway, out any appearance of leatness. He has the hombook will answer,—Cor. Country by mail \$1. New York. a square face, large, steady glancing, Gentleman, blue-gray eyes, a thin-lipped, firm set mouth, the apper lip cleanly shaven al-ways, with a full, elipped heard. His hair is rather bristling and slightly has to say on this point: wavy, standing up and back from his torehead, and is, together with his whiskers, of a yellowish brown color, with a small bald spot on the crown. He possesses an exceedingly pleasant, almost musical voice, and is graceful and easy in gesticulation. The most characteristic point connected with his personal bearng in the peculiar manner in which he habitually carries his head, which be does by dropping his chin almost upon his breast, and looking up and out from under his eyebrows. This he does allke in walking and sitting, but when speakng he throws his head up and square. Mr. Hill is one of the most scholarly men in congress and is a great lover of books and home. He is never seen about the hotel lobbies or rolling around as the common run of congressmen do, and he is never absent from the house whenever any matter of importance is under discussion, for his peculiar attitude will always arrest the eye of the observer as he sits somewhere near the man who may be speaking, so that he hears clearly what

Fire-Proof Scenery.

Mr. Lester Wallack recently invited a large number of persons to witness a practical test applied to a set of sceenery which was rendered incombustible by Mr.

Dion Boueicault. After a brief speech by Mr. Boueleau't Prof. Frederick Dorrington began the experiment with fire. The canvass was first dipped in tungstate of soda, and then stretched on the borders. After this a silicate of soda was used. Then the canvas was dried, and a half-inch blast pipe was used upon it. The tremendous force of the fire seemed to make no other impression than discoloration upon the canvas. When the canvas beome white-heated it crumbled at the slightest touch, but did not hold any of the flame. Mr. Arthur Wallack said that the dresses of ballet girls might be rendered uninflammable through being saturated like the scenery and Mr. Bouci-cault recommended that the entire theater should be bothed in tungstate of soda and then in silicate of soda. It will be unnecessary to use glue hereafter in the

A BRILLIANT geological student, being asked the composition of limeston, answered, "Lime and stone."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Harvest Land. The daylight waning and the darkness near; so little done, and still so much to do! Sefere me the long night of cloud and fear, Wilhout one star to pierce the shadow through.

near the ramble of the swaggering wains; I hear the burder of the harvest song; sd. through the hasy light in happy lunces, I see the sun-browned reapers pass along.

And I most lay my sickle down and go From the dim fields that look so drear and lot Alast that I have so few showes to show! I shall not hear the master say "Well done!" With what regret Llook back to the past, When the long shadows foomed so far away. And moroing seemed one every wakening blast. To wait the whispers of an endless day?

o many orispent moments, wasted hours, Playing with publics on the sos-washed strand curreding for butterflay, or gathering dowers, Instead of tolling in the harvest land.

Ofor one other hour of God's bright day In which to work with sinew heart, and will, fre yet I leave the fields and passaway To that mysterious deep where all is still!

House Gardening.

As regards plants, unless the basket be or stand (which, by the way can e made of a soap box lined with zine nd mounted on feet) we do not believe n any large variety of plants in a single receptacle. It is nonsense to mix exotics nature of the soil that suits one is generally not beneficial to the other; and tal to the more hardy varieties from the one sight that you have spent for him! woods and pastures. Fill a basket with the is to be married to-morrow; he cannot break away from his bride at Gov. growth can be obtained, particularly if Winthrop's grand house, to keep a tryst too many shoots be not set in. City too many shoots be not set in. City World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y. That was all that I heard. The into their baskets, and are totally regardless whether the broad leaves of the segonias shade the stem and roots of the senseless while yet alive. But that was ting in the plants, however, place them the bitterness of death, what cared I for in a cold room for a few days until new the rest? To-morrow came, and the shoots appear. Remember also that April sunshine glinted far over the plants, specially ivy, will not grow earth, and shone on the bride in the without light, particularly in the house. streets of Boston town, and on the witch- There is another fact that amateur girl climbing the cursed hill to die. I house gardeners forget, and that is that

Covering Strawberries. straw. This I find is a common practice; musicians send for their organs. heavy snow laying late, the plants are pretty sure to get hurt, if not killed in one of our exchanges, some pretty severe by smothering. Now, a safe practice, even under the heaviest snows, is to cov. me with a long, meaning sob, like the by smothering. Now, a safe practice, tween the parted curtains. A dream, I a plant requiring but little air for its most positively cure any case of rheumatism thought, shuddering, as I rubbed my slight growth during the winter. There gout, neuralgia or lumbage on the face of the smaller (dense) boughs will keep off the drying winds which are the killing ones, against the snow, also keeping the smaller ones in place. The larger ones, where Mr. Hill is now fifty-three years of the wind drives sharply, ought to have age, is a Georgian by birth, and a oan their buts fastened, either pushed into

Manuring trebards.

This is what the Journal of Chemistry

"There should seem no good reason why, if we wish to raise good orchard fruit we should not manure our trees People often look at trees growing on rocky hill-sides and argue therefrom that trees can grow without manure. They know that potatoes and other vegetable must have manure or they will not thrive, but they regard trees as a different order of vegetation, something that can thrive where nothing else would. But, in the case of trees on rocky billsides, the land is often anything but The rocks themselves often contain valuable matter, which as the rock lecays, is presented in a form that the plants can feed upon. Then whatever vegetation grows among the recks remains there to decay, or even leaves and other oreign substances that blow into the crevices formed by the rocks make a valnable plant food, on which the tree thrives. Indeed trees in apparently poor, rocky places are really much better off than many trees in orchards, where they are in what appears to be good land.

In level land trees must be manured. In many cases, it is as necessary to the best success that trees have an occasional manuring as it is that any other crop have manure. There have been many discussions as to whether manure to fruit trees should be applied broadcast or ploughed in. For orchard trees there is to rule; it depends on circumstances. If the trees are on ground where vegetables are grown, the manure is, of course, turned in for the benefit of these crops and the roots of the fruit trees light with those of the vegetables for some of it, and get it too. But there are many orchards, where no crops are grown but the trees, and then it is an excellent practice to apply manure as a top dressing at least every other year, if you would have them bear an abundance of good fruit.

How to Cure Meat An esteemed correspondent asks us to epeat a receipe for curing meat which we furnished some time ago. We have published so many that we can hardly curss the precise one to which he alludes. The best plan is to save each Farmer for future reference, or else to get a copy printing of the canvas, and much money of the "farmer's scrap book," and paste therein everything that it is desired to No oil is used in the painting of the save. But while we cannot tell precisely scenery. Mr. Boucicault does not intend to ask for letters patent for his invention.

New York San. a number of years and always with success And it has this advantage, that if followed, it will save meat whether the weather be cold or mild when the meat is killed.—It has been published by the Germantown Telegraph every year, and as often nearly it has been republished in Oats. Solar 30 a 36 cried, as I clung round him; and I asked it only to hear over again what I knew before quite well; Gov. Winthrop, whose blood relation he was, had sent him here, I will start, and take no rest till I find blood relation. Trial flaxes one, by mail. Dr. J. 11. MeLean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

No More Snegging or lead smells in the souther nearly it has been republished in the Southern Farmer. It is as follows: Mess Pork 16.75 a lieves irritation. Trial flaxes one, by mail. Dr. J. 11. MeLean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis. Salt; ! lb. of sugar; ! oz. potash. In Whisky. 100 a

this ratio the pickle can be increased any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar raises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork. The meat must be wellcovered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered salt-peter, which removes all the surface-blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. If this recipe is strictly followed, it will require only a single trial to prove its superiority over the common way or most ways of putting down meat, and will not soon be ibandoned for any other. The meat is unsurpassed for sweetness, delicacy, and

freshness of color.

"BOWN IN THE MOUTH." Where there is a continual dropping down into the back of the mouth, with irritation and inflammation of the masal cavities and throat, with hawking, spitting and a sense of fullness about the head, be not deceived or fancy it a simple cold. You are afflicted with that scourge of this climate, Catarrh, the that scourge of this climate, Catarrh, the forerunner of Consumption. In its early stages a few bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrhitemedy will effect an entire cure. When confirmed, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery should be used in connection with the Remedy. These stardard medicines have been before the public many years, and their use has been attended with the most gratify-ing success. A full discussion of Catarrh and its rational treatment is contained in "The

THE Judges of Artificial Limbs at the Centennial Exhibition put the exhibitors to the severest tests and found one so signally superior, called the "Safety Socket," designed to receive a part, or the whole, of the weight of the wearer upon the end of the stump, "a mode of treatment," they say, "so radically different from existing ideas and practices, as to merit the rank of a discovery And, therefore, they gave the ward to the exhibitor,

une places the author in the front rank of the inventors and mechanics of the age." All the artificial legs hitherto made seem

many respects on an entirely new princi ple, and is in all respects a truly wonderful instrument. Its quality of tone and power are simply surprising." It is cer-I see it recommended by one of your tainly a great compliment to these Amercorrespondents to cover the beds with ican makers that the great European

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is no mistake about the evergreens; the earth, no matter of how long standing. It is taken internally, the only way the disease can be reached, and cures quickly and permanently. Price, one dollar a bottle. For and the heavy branches form a brace sale by wholesale and retail druggists everywhere. "HEALTH CORSETS, and why not,

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THE importance of giving Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders to horses that have been out in the cold rain, stood in cold wind, or Irank too much cold water, cannot be over estimated; no man should be with out them who owns a good horse.

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